Launce. Pray you let's haue no more fooling, about it, but giue mee your bleſſing: I am *Launcelet* your boy that was, your ſonne that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my ſonne.

Launc. I know not what I ſhall think of that: but I am *Launcelet* the Iewes man, and I am ſure *Margerie* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margerie* in deede, ile be ſworne if thou bee *Launcelet*, thou art mine owne fleſh and blood: Lord worſhipt might he be, what a beard haſt thou got; thou haſt got more haire on thy chinne, then Dobbin my phillhorſe haſe on his taile.

Launce. It ſhould ſeeme then that Dobbins taile growes backward. I am ſure hee had more haire of his taile then I haue of my face when I loſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art thou changd: how dooſt thou and thy Maſter agree, I haue brought him a preſent; how gree you now?

Launce. Well, well, but for mine owne part, as I haue ſet vp my reſt to runne away, ſo I will not reſt till I haue runne ſome ground; my Maiſter's a very Iewe, giue him a preſent, giue him a halter, I am famiſht in his ſeruice. You may tell euery finger I haue with my ribs: Father I am glad you are come, giue me your preſent to one Maiſter *Baſſanio*, who in deede giues rare newe Lyuories, if I ſerue not him, I will runne as farre as God has any ground. O rare fortune, heere comes the man, to him Father, for I am a Iewe if I ſerue the Iewe any longer.

Enter Baſſanio *with a follower or two.*

Baſſ. You may doe ſo, but let it be ſo haſted that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by fiue of the clocke: ſee theſe Letters deliuered, put the Lyueries to making, and deſire *Gratiano* to come anone to my lodging.

Launce. To him Father.

Gob. God bleſſe your worſhip.

Baſſ. Gramercie, wouldſt thou ought with me.

Gobbe. Heere's my ſonne ſir, a poore boy.

Launce. Not a poore boy ſir, but the rich Iewes man that would ſir as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob.

Gob. He hath a great infection ſir, as one would ſay to ſeru

Lau. Indeede the ſhort and the long is, *I* ſerue the Iewe, & a deſire as my Father ſhall ſpecifie.

Gob. His Maiſter and he (ſauing your worſhips reuerenc ſcarce catercoſins,

Lau. To be briefe, the very truth is, that the Iewe hauing me wrong, dooth cauſe me as my Father being I hope an ol ſhall frutifie vnto you.

Gob. I haue heere a diſh of Doues that I would beſtow v your worſhip, and my ſute is.

Lau. In very briefe, the ſute is impertinent to my ſelfe, a worſhip ſhall knowe by this honeſt old man, and though I though old man, yet poore man my Father.

Baſſ. One ſpeake for both, what would you?

Laun. Serue you ſir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter ſir.

Baſſ. I know thee well, thou haſt obtaind thy ſute,
Shylocke thy Maiſter ſpoke with me this day,
And hath preferd thee, if it be preferment
To leaue a rich Iewes ſeruice, to become
The follower of ſo poore a Gentleman.

Clowne. The old prouerb is very well parted betweene my ſter *Shylocke* and you ſir, you haue the grace of God ſir, an hath enough.

Baſſ. Thou ſpeakſt it well; goe Father with thy Sonne
Take leaue of thy old Maiſter, and enquire
My lodging out, giue him a Lyuerie
More garded then his fellowes: ſee it done.

Clowne. Father in, I cannot get a ſeruice, no, I haue nere a in my head, wel: if any man in Italy haue a fayrer table w dooth offer to ſweare vpon a booke, I ſhall haue good for goe too, heere's a ſimple lyne of life, heeres a ſmall tryfle of w alas, fifteene wiues is nothing, a leuen widdowes and nine m is a ſimple comming in for one man, and then to ſcape drow thrice, and to be in perrill of my life with the edge of a feathe heere are ſimple ſcapes: vvell, if Fortune be a woman ſhe's a wench for this gere: Father come, ile take my leaue of the Ie